Nim. The good humor is to ſteale at a minuntes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay, the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*; (*I* indeede *I* am in the waſt two yards about; but *I* am now about no waſte: *I* am about thrift) briefely; *I* doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife; *I* ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation; *I* can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe; will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe; he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine; and to her Boy ſay *I*.

Ni The humor riſes it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. *I* haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads; ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. *I* thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe; here's another letter to her; She beares the Purſe too; Shee is a Region in *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie; *I* will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee; they